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SQUARE.

LOVE AND TRAGEDY.
Because he loved pretty Marie Foster, whom he had known long ago in Paris, Francois Pettit, an ex-butter was taken to the New York Hospital yesterday, the doctors said to die. Also because Francois loved her, Marie was taken to the same institution, suffering from a bullet wound which will not kill her, but which will leave a scar across to mar the beauty of one rounded cheek. Pettit shot the girl when, for the third time, she refused his offer of marriage. Then he turned his glittering weapon on himself. One girl friend of Marie who saw the tragedy, saw, too, that Pettit, after he had fallen bleeding to the floor, dragged himself inch by inch along until he could lay his head gently upon the breast of the woman whom he had meant to kill.
There is nothing new about this tragedy of passion, but it prompts the ever new question: What is true love? A jingle in the opera has it that such a devotion "must all be useful." Surely it is not useless, when one whose love is rejected insists not only in destroying his own life, which he believes to have been broken by the rejection, but also demands that the other life, that may hold promise of untold happiness for itself and others, shall not remain to the world. This is passion that destroys. It cannot seem like the love that builds up. Yet who can tell what oceans of pity, of repentance and loving grief may have surged over and above the fearful despair which for a mad moment had controlled Francois Pettit's heart and mind when, dying as he believed he was, he crawled to lay his head on the breast of the girl he had wounded? Is it not possible that in that instant, his whirling brain relieved through one frightful outbreak, he would have restored the one he loved to all the strength and beauty he had sought to destroy?

HIS FIGHT OVER.
Dr. Botwell's long fight with Death is over. The grim destroyer has won. But the glory is all to the man who made such a good fight. Throughout the whole period of his suffering Dr. Botwell has been the object of the deepest sympathy from the public. It is not too much to say that thousands who a fortnight ago had never heard his name will have a high of almost personal regret over the news of his death.
The reason is simple. SHAKESPEARE gave it so long ago: "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin." There is not a feature of Dr. Botwell's case which does not strongly appeal to the warmest human feeling.
The big, strong, hearty man swallowed the cork which killed him while laughing with boyish enjoyment at the antics of one of his children as he was prevailing on the other to take his medicine. Then he did his duty as long as he could, preaching till his voice was reduced to a whisper. Then he suffered. Patient uncomplaining, too full of life to love more of it, and yet resigned to any issue, he fought hard and submitted to painful operations till even his magnificent physique was worn out. In the intervals of consciousness in the last moments he called to his wife, full of tender affection for his own to the very last.
Such an example is no human and so fine that who has heard within him must love and respect the noble fellow who has gone. He has won his laurels by the exercise of the most common human qualities most uncommonly displayed.
It is a pity that a life so worthy could not have been spared. But it is something to know that his death awakens the feelings in his fellow-men which he would have most wished to touch. They are feelings which do credit to them and to him. The one comfort is that he suffers no more.

ART AND TEMPTATION.
Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, in a baroque which he yesterday opposed the Sunday opening of the Museum of Art, pronounced that "the devil is in those paintings," and held at length of terrible temptations to men which he declared to exist in the pictures on the Museum walls. If the Colonel's reasons are good, as against the Sunday opening of the Museum, they are just as strong against opening it on any day, or against allowing people to view such collections under any circumstances.
It happens, however, that the temptations which Col. SHEPARD has found exist only for those who choose to find them. The Colonel should stay away from the Museum.

The next Congress should provide our navy with one or two good torpedo-boats. Also with sufficient torpedoes. One hundred are being made at present. The success of the torpedo in the Chilean operations has stimulated to greater interest in these effective instruments of warfare. The Whitehead torpedo, which is the class we make, is regarded as the best in use. Bring them along.

The grip has begun to monkey with Liverpool, and with the humor which seems to characterize this sportive epidemic it started to by downing the clergymen and

knocking out the whole staff of the hospital. If Liverpool has been given to jesting remarks about the grip they will probably cease.

The Poles of New York celebrate to-day the first centenary of Poland's last Constitution. These men in free America recall with gratitude the freedom which that Constitution accorded to their brethren in "the fair land of Poland." What finer cause for exaltation can freemen have than that which has made them free?

The last of the BONITAS has died a pauper in Germany, leaving his title right to a distressed washerwoman, who is dying in a public hospital. What a fate for a BONITA! How the poisonous LUCREZIA would resent such degradation of the name! Poor man! He was not even a hired murderer.

Paducah, Ky., has had a tussle with a tornado. These wild Western cyclones when they get in their fine work on a thickly inhabited region win ever so much more respect for their prowess than when whirling around on prairie lands. May none of them strike New York City.

A delightful experiment was made by the Prince and Princess Bismarck at a dinner they gave lately, where the lettuce for their friends was grown on the table under the guests' eyes. What a pleasing relief it must be for a dinner with a bore on each side of him to watch the salad grow!

REDINI has come down to considering BLAINE undiplomatic and the New Orleans controversy a bootless one for Italy. This is very different from talking of gunboats and of ordering Minister PORTER home.

Three hundred persons at the reception in Brooklyn to the Parnell delegates! Good proof of how PARNELL is regarded just now. Not long ago it would have been three thousand, not three hundred.

State Senator FARRITT declares himself not a candidate for re-nomination. He must, he is content with the fame and voted bills for investigation expenses that he has already achieved.

The saddest evidence to her friends of the change in ANNA DICKINSON must be her own present utterances on the platform.

SPOTLETS.
A great many "got a move on" on the 1st of May.
Salvation army men are making light of the Gospel the wrong way when they elope with other people's wives.
It is perfectly just to weigh a peasant in his own scales.
"But" is grammatically a conjunction. But from a poet's point of view it is something more.

The sea may sail, the walls may dry, but the heart is the heart of a man.

But he who reads the mother's cry gives up the result but to file.

And goes there just the same.

—Exchange.

The home-plate of the Millionaires' Club will be of "tin," which the millionaires must supply.

Matia is Central Park's pond-arena.

The United States seems to have more difficulty with the high seas than a good tourist does.

The strictly American dinner is something of a tax all itself.

Something must have "gone against the grain" with "Old Hunk."

WORLDINGS.
Miss Little Chiao, a young artist of Louisville, has achieved an enviable triumph in having two pictures admitted to the Paris Salon this year. The pictures are the first she has painted since leaving the studio of her father in Louisville.

Secretary Jew's "House Book" is in great demand at Washington. The first edition of 20,000 copies has been exhausted and a new edition of 100,000 copies is in the press.

According to a writer in *Harper's Young People*, "foolish" paper derives its name from the fact of the English Rump Parliament in ordering the use of the paper of a water mark representing a fish's cap and bells in place of the royal arms. This is the "foolish" paper of the world, which is really derived from the Italian *fool's cap*—literally "head lead" or "head lead"—the name given to that particular size of paper by the early Italian paper makers.

A St. Louis physician is authority for the statement that hypnosis has been very largely introduced into the every-day practice of the doctors of that city.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, is a tall, handsome and rather portly woman, with a fresh complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. She is in every way a striking figure.

VAGRANT VERSES.
My Lady's Spring Flowers.
Love the life of the flower,
The violet of the daisy,
The rose that of the clove learned how
To love and love and die.

It is the maddest of madmen,
Who speaks of the daisy,
That somehow has contrived to get
In quiet in the face.

The archaic king, and the sword—
Which match these things,
I love them in the land, and I love them,
That I should call this fair.

I love the roses red and white,
For when they bloom, my love, I wait,
I love them in the land, and I love them,
That I should call this fair.

Not most of all, forget-me-not,
I love thy promise true,
I love thee in the land, and I love thee,
That I should call this fair.

And it doth grow there, too,
—R. F. C., in Brooklyn Life.

Women Architects.
And as a woman took the prize "for best design to architecture," a world-famous building will arise "to do her honor to the world."

These women were not only architects, they were also designers, engineers, and inventors.

A Singer to a Singer.
A robin sang upon a tree,
And sang and sang and sang and sang,
And sang and sang and sang and sang,
And sang and sang and sang and sang.

A poet said as he passed by,
"To do her honor to the world,"
He sang and sang and sang and sang,
And sang and sang and sang and sang.

Induction from Particulars.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Watson—Henson, how was your play received?
Henson—Well, sir, the crowd laughed their hearts out.
Watson—Ah! I didn't know it was a tragedy.

A Compliment Appreciated.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Uncle Tom (tearfully)—It seems to me I noticed a tall-tall man on your cheek last night when Jack came up for his walk.
Grandpa (tearfully)—Did you really? I tried awfully hard to blush, but I was afraid it wasn't so local.

An Undercut.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Jenny (at the window)—There go Clara and Teena.
Teena—I don't like those girls.
Jenny—You must learn to like them, dear, now that you are engaged to Tom.
Jenny—What has that got to do with my liking or disliking them?
Jenny—They have both agreed to be sisters to him.

Free to Hope.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
"May I hope?" he asked, after his seven-teenth rejection.
"Yes," she replied, "you may."
"Because," he said, "I am not a beggar."
"Because," she responded, "you are not a free country."

Nothing New.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
"I hear Brown died of consumption,"
"Yes—consumption of cigaration."

Wash an article foretold at Florida
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Wash an article foretold at Florida (181st St. and 12th Ave.) does not signify all at all, a heavy and lower price is marked until the bargain is made.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Pete Went to Camp-Meeting.
We were driving along a highway leading to Olmstead Falls, O., when we met a farmer's team driven by a farmer. As we came opposite he pulled up and saluted us and then asked:
"Gents, perhaps you've got a little whiskey with you and wouldn't mind giving my son Pete a nip to brace him up till I kin git him home?"
"Where is your son?" I asked.
"Right here," he replied, pointing to a young man lying at full length on the hay in the wagon-box with three or four grain bags for a covering.
"Yes; here's a flask of whiskey. The boy seems to have been badly hurt."
"Badly hurt ain't no name for it. He's had the life lamed right out of him."
"Get caught in the tumbling-rod of a threshing machine?"
"Oh, no. He's bin down to the camp-meeting at Falls. The consarned idiot! But I told him to keep away! I told him Elder Davis was there, for I saw him myself and if he went down there and begun to kick up kangaroo the Elder would light down on him like an owl on a meddler-moose. No use, though. The tangle fule started right out just the same!"
"And what happened?"
"This happened!"
And he pulled off the bags and showed us a stalwart young man with his front teeth gone, his nose broken, his eyes blacked and one eyebrow split open.
"Then he found Elder Davis?"
"Oh! no! Elder Davis found him! Pete was a-sittin' over his left shoulder and up-setting the benches to the tune of 'The Sweet-By-and-By,' when the Elder came along and reached out for him and drew him in. Pete, here's some whiskey to keep him in you till you git home. Raise your head up a little, so. How you feelin' Pete?"
"Orful, dad, orful!" he whispered.
"Went to camp-meetin', didn't you, Pete?"
"Y-yes."
"Went agin my advice, didn't ye?"
"Y-yes."
"And Elder Davis stopped preachin' long 'nuff to lamb your consarnedness into a continental cough-bat, didn't he? I told ye, Pete, I've knowed the elder since he was ten years old, and he's alius bin just as good on the lamb as on the preach. You went out to slay, and you got slathered, and I'm pizen glad of it! Much obliged, gents. I'll git him home and git a doctor, and try to patch him up. Don't reckon he'll ever be able to jump 'leven feet agin on the level, but maybe he kin aim his kick layin' up full rance and milkin' cows."

Criticizing a Woman's Job.
At 10 o'clock the other forenoon a woman appeared on the steps of a house on West Tenth street with a paint-pot in one hand and a brush in the other. Three or four new boards and a part of the railing had been put in last Fall without painting. She had probably spoken to her husband four hundred times about that little job of painting, and on three-hundred-and-ninety-nine occasions he had replied:
"I'm going right by a paint shop and I'll stop and send a man up."
On the other occasion he had probably growled in answer: "Hang it! Give a fellow time! I'll bring up some paint and run over it myself."

Those steps were now to be painted. You could read that fact in the woman's eye a hundred feet away. The paint-pot contained some old white lead, which she had soaked up with water, and the brush could have been used as a hammer had there been any nails to drive.

The boards were damp with the dew of the night previous, but this no fazed her. She brought out a bottle of sewing-machine oil and poured it into the keg, and then added a pint of kerosene from a bottle.

The mixture, as she dipped the brush into it, seemed to be a combination of stewed pumpkin, crushed strawberry, mangled pie plant and slaughtered huckleberry, so far as color went, and she flew into the house and brought out what appeared to be a bottle of camphor.

When she had stirred this in, the general hue of the paint resembled a brimmed dog chasing a rabbit through a thicket of alders.

With a cautious look up and down the street the woman began to use the brush. She was delighted to find that it slipped over the wet boards so easily, and the aroma of mixed camphor, kerosene, fish-oil and sulphur did not disturb her in the least.

She first used her right hand and then her left, then took the brush in both and smoothed the combination down. After every "swipe" of the brush she'd look up and down, and twice in a few minutes she dodged in to escape pedestrians who might be critical.

There were wet spots where the paint would not take hold, and she was going over these for the third or fourth time when an old man, smoking a very short clay pipe, came along and stopped to view the job.

He looked so good natured that she asked for his opinion. He looked into the pot, gave the hard brush a "tink" on the railing, and after a general survey of the streaks and dashes and daubs, he replied:
"Well, mum, it isn't for the likes of a workman like me to criticize a real artist like you, but being as I always speak the truth, I will make bold to say that if you had added more vinegar and pepper it would have been more to my humble taste."

"Vinegar and pepper? How do you mean?" she asked.
"Why, mum, begging your pardon agin, it is sort o' betwixt and betwixt. It is neither what they call a h'artistic chromo nor yet a cabbage salad, and I'm advising in my humble way that you drop in a dozen clothepins, a few herrings, a couple of old boots and a box of strawberries and pass it off with what they call a 'h'artistic h'etchin'." Good day, mum."

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Kingsley's Opinion of Women—Shell Hairpins Frequently Seen—Turquoises Are in Demand—Oscar Wilde's Mother Writes a Book—The Advantages of Learning a Dressmaking System.

Here is Charles Kingsley's opinion of women. At an introductory lecture at Queen's College, Cork, the late Mr. Kingsley said: "In teaching women we must try to make our deepest lessons bear on the great purpose of unfolding woman's own calling in all ages—special calling in this age. We must incite them to realize that chivalrous belief of our old forefathers among their Saxon forests, that something divine dwelt in the conscience of women; but, on the other hand, we must continually remind them that they will attain that Divine intuition, not by renouncing their sex, but by fulfilling it; by becoming true women, and not bad imitations of men; by educating their heads for the sake of their hearts, not their hearts for the sake of their heads; by claiming woman's divine vocation as priestesses of purity, of beauty and of love."

I was in a restaurant one day lately where a number of Germans are wont to go. Two small families, about four and five respectively, ambled about the place while their parents discussed dinner. One of the little tow-heads so captivated an old gentleman that he bestowed his sign upon her. Her sister then took a turn at flirting with the venerable man, and was rewarded with his strawberries. It was very funny to see the tots bearing off their spoils with perfect gravity.

Tom Kelly, the premiere of New York male stars, was rather bothered in his graceful little song and entertainment by the slow time at which the orchestra took the music. He vainly tried to quicken the leader into a more vivacious tempo by two or three glances, but it was of no use. It was very irritating for him evidently to have his movements stopped in this way. It made his movements more difficult for him.

I saw Edgar Pawcett wandering about in the Springtime, apparently not a bit stirred to poetic reverie by the several blanchings of earth and ear. Mr. Pawcett does not look the poet, with his well-toiled, hard corporeity, but he gets the mood under his straw hat, as well as he writes novels. Better, some people think.

The steam yachts are beginning to course up and down the North River. This is another sign of the advent of Spring. The yachts and the robbers come out together. Nobody can blame the yachtmen for taking to this delightful pastime as soon as weather permits. The Summer seems only too short.

I hear that Mr. O. D. Seavey and his wife will sail from Jacksonville for New York next Tuesday. "Quintus" is a corky sort of people will recall "mine host" of the Ponce. "Mae Maria" at Becket, the artist, will come North with the Seaveys. They have been taking a rest at Ormond, with his sea-scented breezes, for the past week.

HOW THREAD IS NUMBERED.
The Process That Gives the Seamstress Exactly What She Wants.
The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30 or 40 or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains, a pound of cotton, the threadmakers mark it No. 1. If 1,680 yards weigh a pound it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 489 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yarn measurement as used by the spool manufacturer. The early manufactured thread was of three-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. A 50-cord made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yards, being made of three No. 30 threads twisted together.

When the sewing-machine came into the market as a great thread consumer, it was necessary in its work and inexorable in the demands for mechanical accuracy. Six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother.

As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, says the *Dry Goods Review*, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord has to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of three-cord cotton is always made from double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but simple as it is there are 2,400 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.

Well Schooled.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Army Officer—A war with some foreign power would be a great thing for us regular officers.
City Girl—But just think of the hardships that you would experience.
Army Officer—Oh, they would be nothing. I've been living on a lieutenant's pay for nine years.

Very Likely.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Father—A lot of your debts would make very interesting reading.
Son—Possibly. But a little heavy, I fancy.

This is the Season
In which to purify and enrich the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the system, as the body is now especially susceptible to the effects of the spring season. The regular medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by, Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular Spring medicine. It cures scrofula, skin rashes, and all other blood diseases, head-ache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

"Yes," remarked the new boarder as he wrestled with a home-made slice, "and I think this might be used effectively for a club."

Time to Pay.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
"You'll have to pay half-fare for that boy, madame," said a conductor. "He is certainly over five years old."
"Indeed he isn't!" replied the passenger. "I have taken him half fare for over five years! I have you understand, and I don't intend to begin paying for him now."

Lost in the Winnie.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
"I met my ideal once," said an "it" but lost her—good of life!"
"How came the loss?" I asked.
"Ah, my dear," he then replied, "I was thinking, 'I made the ideal my wife!'"

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THE CLEANER.

I saw in a druggist's shop a petition to which a number of names were annexed, availing for the opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. The clerk told me that several shops had been filled with names before this one. These petitions are scattered through the different shops. I sincerely hope this may mean a universal popular demand for the Sunday opening which will shake the directors into assenting. I wonder if my genial friend, Oliver Summer Taint, is at the back of this? He was on the war path with such a petition some weeks ago.

Mrs. Calvin Brice, who, wherever Mr. Brice may belong, considers herself very rightly a New Yorker, was in a box at the theatre a few nights ago, looking very well indeed, I thought. Mrs. Brice is as inclined to *enpoint* as her husband is to *aparture*, but she carries it with such lightness that one does not realize that she is a heavy woman.

I saw Mrs. Fontenay Bigelow in New York this week. She is a charming Boston woman who speaks a great deal of her time here. Mrs. Bigelow has an exquisitely delicate face, and her gray hair gives her the distinction of some Marquise of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

Few men in Harlem are getting themselves more talked about at present than Mr. Dr. Day and Virginia. Their efforts to arouse public sentiment for the betterment of public morals are commended in the spirit; but several good Harlemites emphatically protest against the wholesale charges made from the pulpits that the uptown suburb is filling up with dissipation and vice. The reverend gentlemen will give a bill of particulars, say real estate men and property-owners, effective measures to block the inroads of vice will be taken at once.

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The Process That Gives the Seamstress Exactly What She Wants.
The seamstress, whether she wants No. 30 or 40 or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains, a pound of cotton, the threadmakers mark it No. 1. If 1,680 yards weigh a pound it is marked No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 489 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yarn measurement as used by the spool manufacturer. The early manufactured thread was of three-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. A 50-cord made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yards, being made of three No. 30 threads twisted together.

When the sewing-machine came into the market as a great thread consumer, it was necessary in its work and inexorable in the demands for mechanical accuracy. Six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother.

As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, says the *Dry Goods Review*, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord has to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of three-cord cotton is always made from double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but simple as it is there are 2,400 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.

Well Schooled.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Army Officer—A war with some foreign power would be a great thing for us regular officers.
City Girl—But just think of the hardships that you would experience.
Army Officer—Oh, they would be nothing. I've been living on a lieutenant's pay for nine years.

Very Likely.
[From *Harper's Weekly*.]
Father—A lot of your debts would make very interesting reading.
Son—Possibly. But a little heavy, I fancy.

This is the Season
In which to purify and enrich the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the system, as the body is now especially susceptible to the effects of the spring season. The regular medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by, Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular Spring medicine. It cures scrofula, skin rashes, and all other blood diseases, head-ache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.